

# VERMONT COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 3.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1874.

NO. 13.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### BARTON.

D. A. C. ROBINSON, DEALER IN CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR, Depot Store.

D. McODGALL, MERCHANT TAILOR AND DEALER IN GENTS' Furnishing Goods.

G. D. OWEN, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND General Merchandise.

A. J. CUTLER, MILLINERY, DRESSMAKING AND FATTENERS' Trimmings, Barton Landing and Newport.

M. HUBBARD, HOUSE PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER and Painter of Wood and Marble.

E. E. BLAKE, MANUFACTURER OF FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, Dealer in all kinds of Grain.

JOHN AUKLEY, MACHINIST AND CUTTER, BLACKSMITH, Special attention given to Horse Shoeing.

J. N. WEBSTER, DR. FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENT.

G. BOUT & BALDWIN, ATTORNEYS, COUNSELLORS & SOLICITORS.

C. E. PERCIVAL, DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASKETS.

J. N. WEBSTER, PHOTOGRAPHER, DEALER IN STEREOGRAPHS, Views, Ovals, Squares and Trade Cards.

D. A. C. ROBINSON, TOLLENS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

C. J. ROBINSON, PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT, WILL DO MILL Work of all kinds for Farm and Mill. Agent for the Great Waterwheel, and all Mill Machinery.

L. W. BROWN, HANDESS MAKER AND TRIMMER, REPAIRING done neatly and promptly. Shop next door to Marble Works.

M. SARGENT, MANUFACTURER OF CUSTOM MADE BOOTS and Shoes. Repairing promptly attended to at reasonable rates.

E. W. BALDWIN, AGENT FOR THE CHAMPLAIN MARINE FIRE Insurance Co., Burlington, Vt. Insurance of all kinds given at the lowest rates and Mutual Companies.

J. W. HALL & CO., DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS and Caps, W. L. Goods, Groceries and General Merchandise. Will take orders in exchange.

W. F. ROBINSON, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FLOUR, Salt, Hops, Beans, Shoes, and Ready Made Clothing.

WHITTEY & CLARK, DEALER IN STOVES, TIN, JAPAN, WOOD and other household articles. All kinds of Barter taken in exchange.

J. B. CASSIDY, SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING, SPECIAL attention paid to cutting Ladies' and Children's hair.

M. J. SMITH, PROPRIETOR OF THE OREGON COUNTY Marble Works, Vermont and American Marble, Carvings, Monuments, etc.

J. L. WOODMAN, DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES AND FINDINGS, Also in the best kind of quality. Cheapest prices for Cash.

W. B. CROCKETT, PAINTER AND GLAZIER, GRADING, WHITE-washing and Paper Hanging. Done in the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited.

J. J. HILL, SUCCESSOR TO F. CHERNEY, WILL CONTINUE the same Large and Complete Sewing and Knitting Machines. Orders solicited.

E. F. DUTTON, SUCCESSOR TO W. J. JOSELYN & SONS, DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Fine Stationery, Oils, Jar-rins, Turpentine, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Putty, Bells, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

L. E. WOOD, JR. & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF WOOD, METAL, GLASS, Canvas and Paper Signs. Banner, Signs, Ornamental Painting, etc. Proprietors of Wood's Star Building, Barton Landing.

L. E. WOOD, JR., F. T. FORBES, GLOVER.

C. L. FRENCH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

E. E. POSTER, PROPRIETOR UNION HOUSE, STAGE LEAVES for Montpelier Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and for Barton every day.

D. L. DWINELL, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, Caps and General Merchandise. The celebrated St. Leon Water on hand and for sale.

N. M. SCOTT, J. N. M. SCOTT, JR., PROPRIETOR GLOVER FLOURING MILLS, Best Family Flour always on hand. Also Corn and other feed. N. H. Tardiff, assistant, paid to Custom Grinding. 65-6.

J. W. SCOTT, DEALER IN HARNESSES, RIDING BRIDLES, Saddles and Horse Clothing. Blankets, etc. All kinds of trimming—Kilster and Leather Covering, Repairing, Saddling and Gold Plating. Repairs promptly attended to.

J. E. DWINELL, MANUFACTURER and Dealer in Furniture of all kinds and descriptions. Carpets, Room Paper, Paints and Fixtures, also Coffins and Caskets. Furniture, Spring Beds, etc. Glover Vt.

### IRANBURGH.

R. S. ORNE, DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS AND CASKETS, IRANBURGH, Vt. 224

W. D. TYLER, ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR, Also Insurance Agent, Iranburgh, Vt. 224

L. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR, Also Bounty and Pension Agent, Iranburgh, Vt.

E. W. POWELL, PROPRIETOR IRANBURGH HOUSE, Iranburgh, Vt. A good place to stop in connection with the House, Stage leaves for Barton Landing twice a day.

W. L. RUSSELL, DEALER IN FINEST SELECTED Eye Stuffs, Star, Henry, Blank Books, Candies, Cakes, Tobacco, Toilet Soap, Fancy Articles, and all the Popular Patents Medicines, Iranburgh, Vt. 224

ST. ANTONIO, THE SAME OLD CHAP AS EVER, always on hand at his Post of Trade where Every man, Woman and Child in the town, and as far as the Town and County, and as far as the County and State, and as far as the State and Nation, and as far as the Nation and World, and as far as the World and Universe, and as far as the Universe and God, and as far as God and All.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

MADISON COWLES, WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL the latest styles of ready-made Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes and Trimmings of every description—Terms reasonable. West Albany, Vt.

P. R. KENDALL, ATTORNEY, BARTON LANDING, VERMONT.

MRS. J. P. SARTLE, HAS RECENTLY OPENED A FANCY GOODS Store at Barton Landing in Austin & Joslyn's building where she will do Millinery and Dress Making in the latest and most approved styles. For further notice see notice.

W. W. JILES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, North Craftsbury, Vt. 229

ROBERT GILLIS, DEALER IN HARNESSES, Blankets, whips, carry omes, etc. Barton Landing, Vt.

A. D. MANSEY, PRACTICAL MASON, Coventry, Vermont.

J. F. WRIGHT, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence, Barton Landing, Vt. 224

DR. O. A. BEHNS, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON 15

CUTLER & GOS, MANUFACTURERS of Carriages and Sleighs, Orono, Vt.

E. G. STEVENS, SURGEON DENTIST, at Little's Hotel in Barton Village every Wednesday. Barton Landing, Vt.

## SWEET PICKLES.

"A little nonsense now and then, Is related by the wisest men."

The Troy Wagon wants somebody to put a head on Bald Mountain immediately.

Next to pork, whiskey is our main dependence. Another "panic" appears above the horizon.—*Cincinnati Enq.*

The Bath County, Ky., *News* has hit it; it is printed with the motto, "Devoted to the interests of the proprietor."

The last useless task that a German professor has found for himself is the counting of the hairs in a buffalo robe.

A Sioux city hotel has a black and tan dog that killed a thousand rats in a month. This is a good puff for the dog, but is hard on the hotel.

A Western reporter was angry because a young woman would not wait with him, and in his report of the ball he called her a "graceful little maid."

Col. John Hay, author of "Leather Breches," and other farm ballads, was recently married to Miss Stone.

To farming operations the Colonel is no stranger. And if he turns a Stone to Hay, he ought to be a gran-der.

A Kentucky paper apologizes for having spoken of the red-headed malignant mule who dispenses the county money, by saying that it wrote: "big-headed valiant soul."

So thorough has been the temperance movement in some sections of Ohio, that liquor is only sold by the jug full now. Retail guzzling has happily been completely wiped out.

Justice overtakes the evil-doer sooner than he dreams of sometimes. A boy threw a snow-ball at a lame darkey the other day, and, dodging into an area, he sat down into a scuffle of hot ashes.

A New Britain man considers that this is a sadly unappreciative world. He tried to assist in the worship of a Second Advent church with a Jewshap. He proved that his conduct was Scriptural, but he was fined \$10.

A Virginia bishop says he saw a wheat field in California seventeen miles long, and when the owner ploughs he starts on one furrow and goes all day, camps out all night, and ploughs back the next day.

A clergyman being invited to open a legislature with prayer, uttered the following ambiguous petition: "May corruption and sin of every form be far from every member of this legislature as Thou art."

When a Kansas city girl, who was clerk in a candy store, learned she had fallen heir to one hundred thousand dollars in England, she refused to attend to customers, and perched herself on the counter, and chewed gum-drops the rest of the day.

The young scamp who robbed a church on the hill last month, has addressed a note of condolence to the members of the congregation, advising them to lay up treasures where moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

A Down-East genius has just patented a self-raking, steam-winding, branch-loading, seven-act, non-explosive, automatic urchin-clastive, and combined hair-comb, editorial protector and hash cutter. And yet people say that the inventive genius of the country is on the wane.

A conductor on the Chicago & Alton railroad is reported as having forbidden honey-mooning, billing and cooing. Ob-serving a bridegroom's arm out of place, he forbade further demonstrations. "But I have a right to hug her," said John. "Not on a railroad," said the conductor, "there is a law against all unjust discriminations on railroads, and as I have not a woman for each man on the train to hug, your action is in violation of the law and must be stopped."

A Detroit policeman in the western part of the city heard that a resident of Twelfth street had been badly injured, and he called at the house to obtain particulars. He found the man lying on the lounge, his head tied up and his face badly scratched, and he asked "What's the matter; did you get run over or did you fall down stairs?" "No, not exactly," replied his wife, "but he wanted to run the house his way, and I wanted to run it my way, and there he is."

## FOUNDATIONS OF HOME.

The home is built on mutual respect—shall we not say mutual obedience? And this mutual respect implies a recognition of mutual rights: not rights on one side and duties on the other, but rights on both sides and duties on both.

Equal rights and equal duties: rights of wives as well as husbands, of children as well as parents, and duties corresponding. In modern society, these people, young and old, male and female, wise and simple, living beneath one roof, meeting every day, sharing every essential thing, must recognize one another as persons, or give up the idea of living a common life.

They who are one by association must be one by honor. There is a certain amount of letting alone to be done under the law of freedom, as well as a certain amount of helping to be done under the law of kindness. The hardest lesson to learn is respect for individuality; and it is hardest for those who most need it—those whose individuality must be most frequently thrust forward. Home should be a school for this high education. Persons there are thrown together to foster one another, not to crush; this cannot be tolerated. The old law allowed parents to crush children, but forbade children to crush one another. The new law declares that none shall crush, and none be crushed; that there shall be the heartiest recognition of qualities, the friendliest tolerance of disposition, the most affectionate welcome of peculiarities, the most willing furtherance of aims, the sincerest congratulation on varieties of taste and talent.

## Mississippi Steamboat Racing.

A VIVID PICTURE.

"By George, yonder comes the Amaranth!" A spark appeared close to the water several miles down the river. The pilot took his glass and looked at it steadily for a moment and said, chiefly to himself:

"It can't be the Blue Wing. She could not pick up us that way. It's the Amaranth, sure."

He bent over a speaking tube and then said:

"Who's on watch down there?" A hollow, unhuman voice rumbled up through the tube in answer:

"I am. Second engineer."

"Good! You want to stir your stumps now, Harry—the Amaranth's just turned the point, and she's just a-bumping herself, too."

The pilot took hold of a rope that was stretched out forward, jerked it twice, and two mellow tows of the big bell responded. A voice out on the deck shouted:

"Stand by, down there, with that lar-board lead!"

"No, I don't want the lead," said the pilot, "I want you. Roust out the old man—tell him the Amaranth's coming. And go and call Jim—tell him."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The old man was the captain—he is always called so on steamboats and ships. "Jim" was the other pilot. Within two minutes both of these men were flying up the pilot-house stairway, three steps at a jump. Jim was in his shirt-sleeves with his coat and vest on his arm. He said:

"I was just turning in. Where's the glass?" He took it and looked.

"Don't appear to be any night-hawk on the jack-staff—it's the Amaranth, dead sure!"

The captain took a good long look and only said:

"Damnation!"

George Davis, the pilot on watch, shouted to the night-watchman on deck:

"How's she loaded?"

"Two inches by the head, sir."

"Taint enough!"

The captain shouted now:

"Call the mate. Tell him to get on hands and get a lot of that sugar forward—put her ten inches by the head. Live-ly now!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

A riot of shouting and tramping floated up from below presently, and the easy steering of the boat showed that she was getting down by the head."

The three men in the pilot-house began to talk in short, sharp sentences, low and earnestly. As their excitement rose their voices went down. As fast as one of them put down the spy-glass, another took it up—but always with a studied air of calmness. Each time the verdict was:

"She's a gaining."

"The captain spoke through the tube: 'What steam are you carrying?'"

"A hundred and forty-two, sir! But she's getting hotter and hotter all the time."

The boat was straining and groaning and quivering like a monster in pain. Both pilots were at work now, one on each side of the wheel, with their coats and vests off, their bosoms and collars wide open, and the perspiration flowing down their faces. They were holding the boat so close to the shore that the willows swept the guards almost from stem to stern.

"Stand by!" whispered George.

"All ready!" said Sam, under his breath.

"Let her come!"

The boat sprang away from the bank like a deer, and darted in a long diagonal toward the other shore. She closed in again and thrashed her fierce way along the willows as before. The captain put down the glass:

"Lord, how she walks up on us! I do hate to be beat!"

"Jim," said George, looking straight ahead, watching the slightest yawning of the boat and promptly meeting it with the wheel, "how'll it do to try Murderer's Chute?"

"Well, it's—it's taking chances. How false the cottonwood stump on the false point below Boardman's Island, this morning?"

"Water just touching the roots."

"Well, it's pretty close work. That gives six feet scent in the head of Murderer's Chute. We can just barely run through if we hit it exactly right. But it's worth trying. She don't tackle it!"—meaning the Amaranth. In another instant the Boreas plunged into what seemed a crooked creek, and the Amaranth's approaching lights were shut out in an instant. Not a whisper was uttered now, but the three men started ahead into the shadows and two of them spun the wheel back and forth with anxious watchfulness while the steamer tore along. The chute seemed to come to an end every fifty yards, but always opened in time. Now the head of it was at hand. George tapped the big bell three times, two leadmen sprang to their posts, and in a moment their wild cries rose on the night air and were caught up and

repeated by two men on the upper deck:

"No-o bottom!"

"De-ep four!"

"Half three!"

"Quarter three!"

"Mark under wa-a-ter three!"

"Half twain!"

Davis pulled a couple of ropes; there was a jingling of small bells far below, the boat's speed slackened, and the pent up steam began to whistle and the gauge cocks to scream:

"By the mark twain!"

"Quar-ter-her-er-less!"

"Eight and a half!"

"Eight feet!"

"Seven-anna-half!"

Another jingling of the little bells and the wheels ceased turning altogether. The whistling of the steam was something frightful, now. It almost drowned all other noises.

"Stand by to meet her!"

George had the wheel hard down and was standing on a spoke.

"All ready!"

The boat hesitated—seemed to hold her breath, as did the captain and pilots—and then she began to fall away to starboard, and every eye lighted:

"Now, then!—meet her! Snatch her!"

The wheel flew to port so fast that the spokes blended into a spider web—the swing of the boat subsided—she steadied herself—

"Seven feet!"

"Sev—six and a half!"

"Six feet! Six f—?"

"Bang! She hit the bottom! George shouted through the tube:

"Spread her wide open! Whale it at her!"

"Pow-wow-chow! The escape-pipes belched snowy pillars of steam aloft, the boat ground and surged and trembled—and slid over into—

"M-a-a-k twain!"

"Quarter her—"

"Tap! tap! tap!" (to signify "lay in the leads.")

And away she went, flying up the willow shore, with the whole silver sea of the Mississippi stretching abroad on every hand.

No Amaranth in sight!

"Ha-ha, boys, we took a couple of tricks that time!" said the captain.

And just at that moment a red glare appeared on the water, and the Amaranth came springing after them.

"Well, I swear!"

"Jim, what's the meaning of that?"

"I'll tell you what's the meaning of it. That hail we had at Napoleon was Wash Hastings, wanting to come to Cairo; and we didn't stop. He's in that pilot house now, showing those mud turtles how to hunt for easy water."

"That's it! I thought it wasn't any slouch that was running that middle bar in Hog-eye Bend. If it's Wash Hastings—well, what he don't know about the river ain't no thing knowing—a regular gold leaf, kid glove, diamond breast pin pilot, Wash Hastings is. We won't take any tricks of him, old man!"

"I wish I'd a stopped for him, that's all."

The Amaranth was within three hundred yards of the Boreas, and still gaining. The old man spoke thro' the tube:

"What is she carrying now?"

"A hundred and sixty-five, sir!"

"How's your wood?"

"Fine all out—cypress half gone—eating up cottonwood like pie!"

"Break into that rosin on the main deck—pile it in, the boat can pay for it!"

Soon the boat was plunging and quivering and screaming more madly than ever. But the Amaranth's head was almost abreast the Boreas' stern.

"How's your steam now, Harry?"

"Hundred and eighty-two, sir!"

"Break up the casks of bacon in the forward hold! Pile it in! Levy on that turpentine in the faultail—drain every stick of wood with it!"

The packed masses of passengers surged back and fell apart, while the shrieks of women and children roared above the intolerable din—

And then there was a booming roar, a thundering crash, and the riddled Amaranth dropped loose from her hold, and drifted helplessly away.

Instantly the fire-doors of the Boreas were thrown open and the men began dashing buckets of water into the furnaces—for it would have been death and destruction to stop the engines with such a head of steam on.

As soon as possible the Boreas dropped down to the floating wreck and took off the dead, the wounded and the unhurt—at least all that could be got at, for the whole forward half of the boat was a shapeless ruin, with the great chimneys lying crossed on top of it, and underneath were a dozen victims imprisoned alive and waiting for help. While men with axes worked with might and main to free these poor fellows, the Boreas' boats went about, picking up stragglers from the river.

And now a new horror presented itself. The wreck took fire from the dismantled furnaces! Never did men work with a heartier will than did those stalwart braves with the axes. But it was of no use. The fire ate its way steadily, despising the bucket brigade that fought it. It scorched the clothes, it singed the hair of the axe-men—it drove them back, foot by foot, inch by inch—they wavered, struck a final blow in the teeth of the enemy and surrendered. And as they fell back they heard prisoned voices saying:

"Don't leave us! Don't desert us! Don't do it!"

"I am poor fellow said:

"I am Harry Worley, stoker of the Amaranth! My poor mother lives in St. Louis. Tell her a lie for a poor devil's sake, please. Say I was killed in an instant and never knew what hurt me—though God knows I've neither scratch nor bruise this moment! It's hard to burn up in a coop like this with the whole wide world so near. Good by, boys, we've all got to come to it at last, anyway."

The Boreas stood away out of danger, and the ruined steamer went drifting down the stream, an island of wreathing smoke from time to time, and glared more fiercely and sent its luminous tongues higher and higher after each emission. A shriek at intervals told of a captive that had met his doom. The wreck lodged upon a sand bar, and when the Boreas turned the next point on her upward journey, it was still burning with scarcely abated fury.

When the boys came down into the main saloon of the Boreas they saw a pitiful sight and heard a world of pitiful sounds. Eleven poor creatures lay dead and forty more lay moaning, or pleading, or screaming, while a score of God Samaritans moved among them, doing what they could to relieve their sufferings—bathing their skinless faces and bodies with linseed oil and lime water, and covering the places with bulging masses of raw cotton, that gave to every face and form a dreadful and inhuman appearance.

A little wee French midshipman of fourteen, lay fearfully injured, but never uttered a sound till a physician of Memphis was about to dress his hurts. Then he said:

"Can't I get well? You need not be afraid to tell me."

"No, I—I am afraid you cannot."

"Then do not waste your time with me—help those that can get well."

"But—"

"Help those that can get well! It is not for me to be a girl. I carry the blood of eleven generations of soldiers in my veins!"

The physician—himself a man who had seen service in the navy in his time—touched his hat to this little hero and passed on.

The head engineer of the Amaranth, a grand specimen of physical manhood, struggled to his feet, a ghastly spectacle, and strode towards his brother, the second engineer, who was unhurt. He said:

"You were on watch. You were boss. You would not listen to me when I begged you to reduce your steam. Take that!—I take it to my wife and tell her it comes from me by the hand of my murderer! Take it!—and take my curse with it to bluster your heart a hundred years—and may you live so long!"

REST IN OLD AGE—I covet rest neither for myself nor my friends so long as we are able to work; but when age or weakness comes on, and hard labor becomes an unendurable burden, then the necessity to work is deeply painful, and it seems to imply an evil state of society wherever such a necessity generally exists. One's old age should be tranquil, as one's old age should be playful; headwork at either extremity of human existence seems to me out of place. The morning and the evening should be alike peaceful; at mid-day, the sun may burn, and men may labor under it.

Job Printing done at this office.

## A SATURDAY NIGHT STORY.

The tender sentiment is not confined to the lily-skinned and silken-haired people who strut peacockishly through the Lord's barnyard, and look with disdain upon the plainer hued and coarser feathered bipeds who humbly scratch for the vulgar worm. Wealth and Fame may pick out a select few to be the recipients of their favors, and set them in exalted places to wriggle their nose affixed fingers at the straw-pulling crowd below. But thou, oh Love! art as impartial as the dew that falls alike upon the clean and the unclean, upon the rose and the urose, upon the tender violet and the hardened violator. All seasons, all countries, all people are thine!—Thou scatterest thy favors as the farmer sows the wheat, on the rough and on the level, in the bottoms and on the hillside. Then lightest upon the blue-veined damsels of aristocracy and clabber-blooded coachmen of whipsocracy, and they elope; and thou laughest in the face of Scandal. Thou descendest into the bosom of the untutored milk-maid, and she leaveth the half-eased udder hanging to the wandering cow and skipper from her home with the sweet-scented middleman; and thy mocking voice resoundeth through the saddened grange. Thou stealest into the breast of the lowly Ethiopian, and he riseth in the pride of a man, and flingeth away his ax, and goeth forth to get some one to write a letter for him. Which latter thing thou didst last Saturday, and thy subject controlled by that strange spell, came straightway to us.

Tremblingly, yet hopefully, he stood before us, and while there shone in his eyes a heaven-born light, and in his mouth two rows of ivory inlaid with tobacco, he took off his battered hat